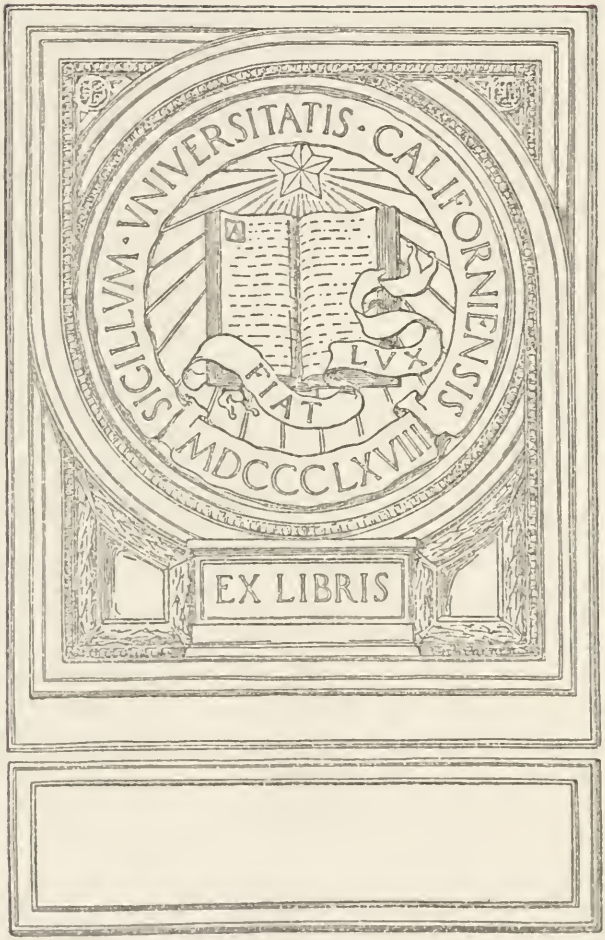
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IN CUPID'S COURT

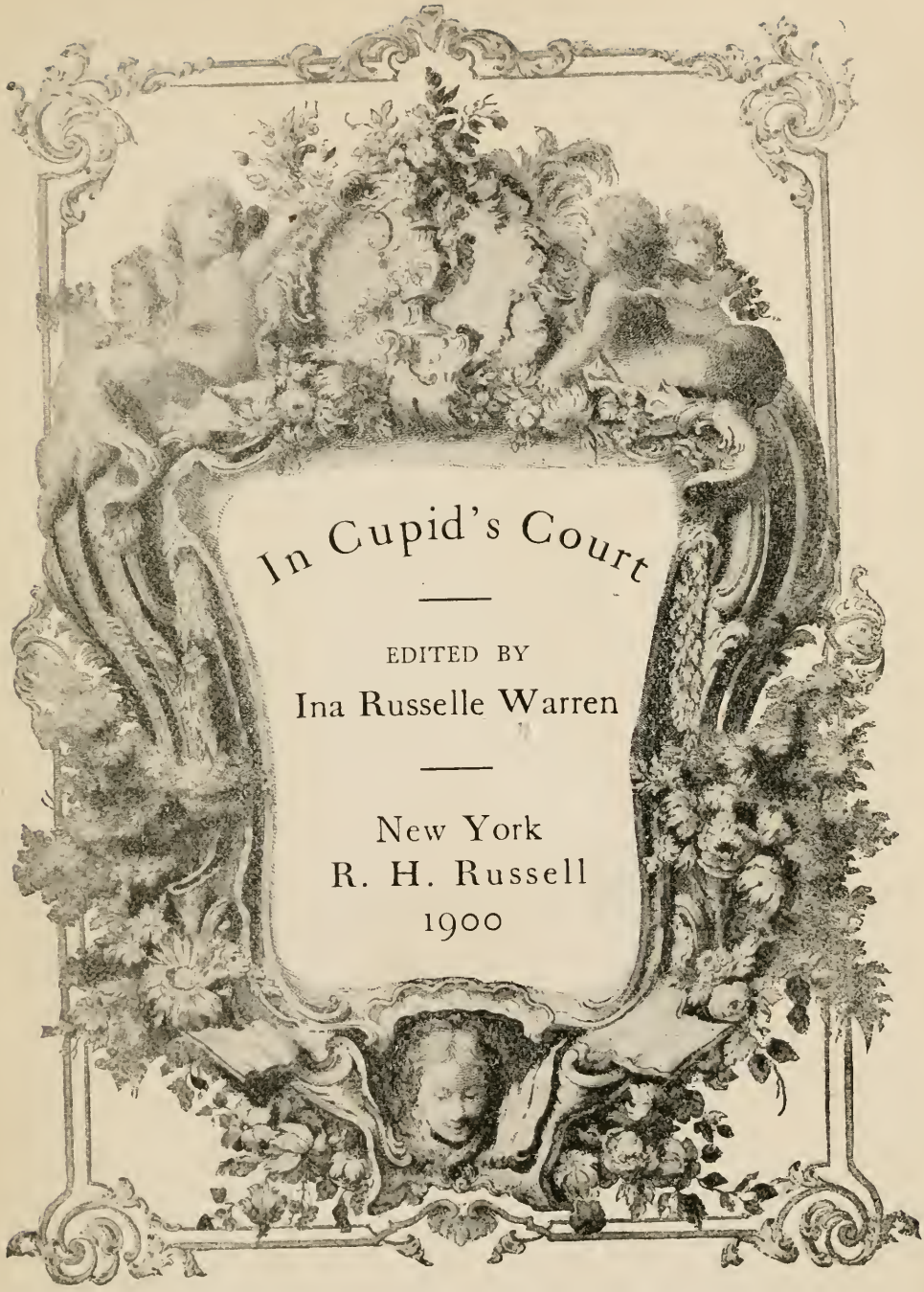

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IN
CUPID'S
COURT


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In Cupid's Court
EDITED BY
Ina Russelle Warren
New York
R. H. Russell
1900


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BY
ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL



TO T.

If the world's entirety
Is two eyes that ſhine on me,
Lay the blame at Love's door, deareſt:
Thus he made my world to be.

He 's the key to Heaven's gate;
He 's the ſcorn that tramples fate;
He 's the worth of living, deareſt,
He 's the laugh that makes Death late.

He 's the morning ſun that wakes us
To the worth of all things, deareſt,
He 's the influence that makes us
Daily gladder, 'till God takes us!

Tomas Beauling.

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PREFACE

It will be readily apparent that the aim of this volume is to collect the choiceſt poems on Cupid ſcattered throughout Engliſh literature. A large harveſt has been gleaned, and what my judgment counts excellent, ſo far as practicable, is repreſented. The attitude towards Cupid has moſtly been one of obſtinate reſiſtance, but he has the element that wins,— ſometimes fantaſtically, ſometimes pathetically. The beleaguering little rogue never quits the field defeated,— to him no ſuit is hopeless.

If ſome of the verſes are not of high value as compoſitions they are all-important when conſidered relative to the ſubject, and a majority of the poems are of unqueſtionable literary merit.

I beg to acknowledge the gracious favor of The Century Co., Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Life Publiſhing Co., Frederick A. Stokes Co., G. P. Putnam's Sons, Charles Scribner's Sons, Cassell Publiſhing Co., and D. Appleton & Co., for the uſe of copyright poems. I alſo gratefully acknowledge the eminent courteſy of individual authors for permiſſion to reprint.

I. R. W.

IN CUPID'S COURT

CHANT ROYAL OF THE GOD OF LOVE



MOST fair God, O Love both new and old,
That waſt before the flowers of morning blew.
Before the glad sun in his mail of gold
Leapt into light across the firſt day's dew ;
That art the firſt and laſt of our delight,
That in the blue day and the purple night
Holdeſt the hearts of ſervant and of king,
Lord of lieſſe, ſovran of ſorrowing,
That in thy hand haſt heaven's golden key
And hell beneath the ſhadow of thy wing,
Thou art my Lord to whom I bend the knee !

What thing rejects thy maſtery ? Who ſo bold
But at thine altars in the duſk they ſue ?
Even the ſtraight pale goddess, ſilver-stoled,
That kiſſed Endymion when the ſpring was new,
To thee did homage in her own deſpite,
When in the ſhadow of her wings of white
She ſlid down trembling from her moonèd ring
To where the Latmian youth lay ſlumbering,
And in that kiss put off cold chaſtity.
Who but acclaim with voice and pipe and ſtring,
" Thou art my Lord to whom I bend the knee !"

Maſter of men and gods, in every fold
Of thy wide vans the ſorceries that renew
The labouring earth, tranced with the winter's cold,
Lie hid — the quinteſſential charms that woo
The ſouls of flowers, ſlain with the ſullen might
Of the dead year, and draw them to the light.
Balſam and bleſſing to thy garments cling;
Skyward and ſeaward, whilst thy white palms fling
Their ſpells of healing over land and ſea,
One ſhout of homage makes the welkin ring,
"Thou art my Lord to whom I bend the knee!"

I see thee throned aloft; thy fair hands hold
Myrtles for joy, and euphraſy and rue:
Laurels and roſes round thy white brows rolled,
And in thine eyes the royal heaven's hue:
But in thy lips' clear colour, ruddy bright,
The heart's blood ſhines of many a hapleſs wight.
Thou art not only fair and ſweet as Spring;
Terror and beauty, fear and wondering
Meet on thy front, amazing all who ſee:
All men do praiſe thee, ay, and everything!
Thou art my Lord to whom I bend the knee!

I fear thee, though I love. Who can behold
The ſheer sun burning in the orbèd blue,
What while the noontide over hill and wold
Flames like a fire, except his mazèd view
Wither and tremble? So thy ſplendid ſight
Fills me with mingled gladneſs and affright.
Thy viſage haunts me in the wavering
Of dreams, and in the dawn, awakening,
I feel thy splendour ſtreaming full on me.
Both joy and fear unto thy feet I bring;
Thou art my Lord to whom I bend the knee!

ENVOY

GOD above Gods, High and Eternal King,
Whoſe praiſe, the ſymphonies of heaven ſing,
I find no whither from thy power to flee,
Save in thy pinions' vaſt o'erſhadowing:
Thou art my Lord to whom I bend the knee!

JOHN PAYNE.



CUPID MISTAKEN

As after noon, one ſummer's day,
Venus ſtood bathing in a river,
Cupid a-ſhooting went that way,
New ſtrung his bow, new filled his quiver.

With ſkill he choſe his ſharpeſt dart,
With all his might his bow he drew;
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too well-guided arrow flew.

"I faint! I die!" the goddeſs cried;
"O cruel, couldſt thou find none other
To wreak thy ſpleen on? Parricide!
Like Nero, thou haſt ſlain thy mother."

Poor Cupid ſobbing ſcarce could ſpeak:
"Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye;
Alas! how eaſy my miſtake;
I took you for your likeneſs, Cloe."

MATTHEW PRIOR.



CUPID ONCE UPON A BED

CUPID once upon a bed
Of roſes laid his weary head ;
Luckleſs urchin not to ſee
Within the leaves a ſlumbering bee !
The bee awaked — with anger wild
The bee awaked and ſtung the child.
Loud and piteous are his cries ;
To Venus quick he runs, he flies !
" O mother ! I am wounded through —
I die with pain — in ſooth I do !
Stung by ſome little angry thing,
Some ſerpent on a tiny wing —
A bee it was — for once, I know,
I heard a ruſtic call it ſo."
Thus he ſpoke, and ſhe the while
Heard him with a ſoothing ſmile ;
Then ſaid, " My infant, if ſo much
Thou feel the little wild bee's touch,
How muſt the heart, ah, Cupid ! be —
The hapleſs heart that 's ſtung by thee ? "

THOMAS MOORE.

(Odes of Anacreon.)

CUPID'S BIRTH



T Cupid's birth, Joy left the bounds of ſpace,
And, heeding not the ſtars, flew faſt to earth,
To hold the hearts of men in warm embrace,
At Cupid's birth.

Then Life, with beaming eyes and quickened pace,
And new-found god-like ſtrength, firſt knew her worth;
While Fate began the future to retrace.

But Death ſtood gently by with quiet grace,
Aloof from all the tumult and mad mirth,
A ſweet, ſad ſmile lit up his ſteadfaſt face
At Cupid's birth.

R. W. Bunny.

CUPID AT COURT



OUNG Cupid ſtrung his bow one day,
And ſallied out for ſport;
As country hearts were eaſy prey,
Odd Darts! he went to court.

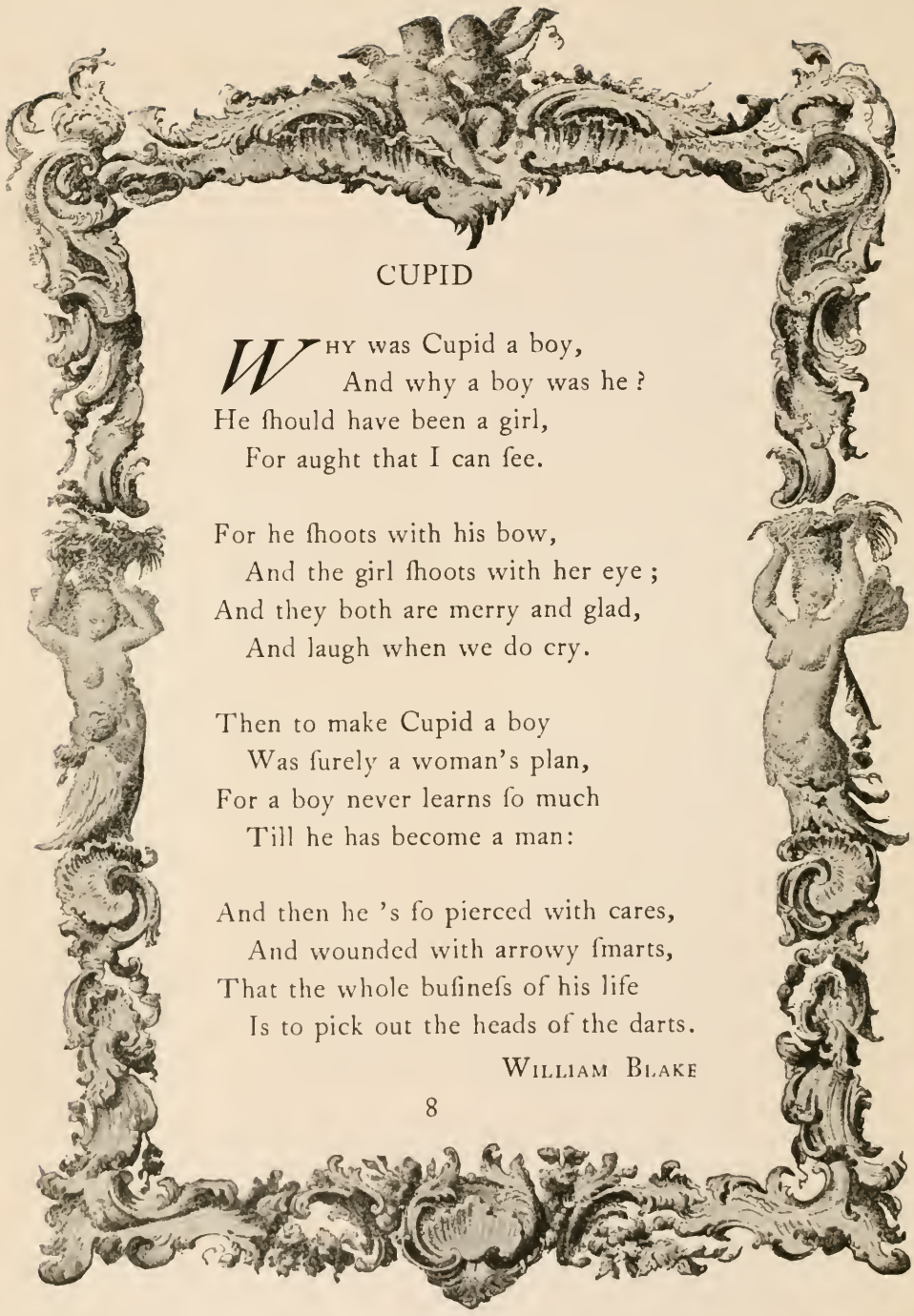
Of all that wore the puff and patch,
Belinda led the fair:
With falbala, and fan to match,
I trow ſhe made him ſtare!

"Oho!" he cried, and quickly drew
His bow upon the sly;—
But though he pierced her boſom through,
She never breathed a ſigh!

This was a turn, beyond a doubt,
That filled him with amaze,
And ſo he ſought his mother out,
With tear-bewildered gaze.

"You ſilly boy," Dame Venus ſaid,
"Why did you waſte your art?
Go clip your curls and hide your head,—
Belinda *has* no heart!"

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.



CUPID

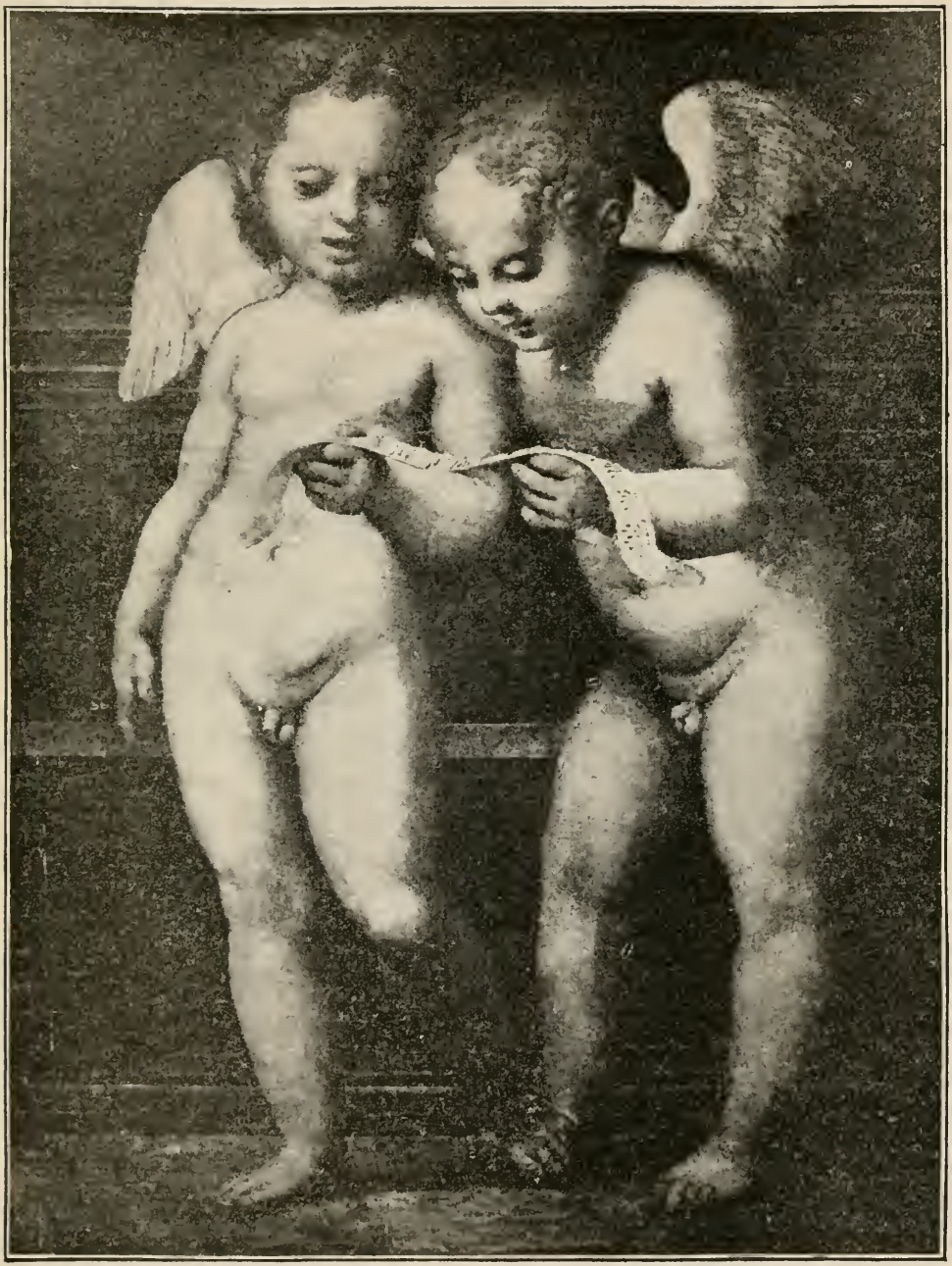
WHY was Cupid a boy,
And why a boy was he?
He ſhould have been a girl,
For aught that I can ſee.

For he ſhoots with his bow,
And the girl ſhoots with her eye;
And they both are merry and glad,
And laugh when we do cry.

Then to make Cupid a boy
Was ſurely a woman's plan,
For a boy never learns ſo much
Till he has become a man:

And then he 's ſo pierced with cares,
And wounded with arrowy ſmarts,
That the whole buſineſs of his life
Is to pick out the heads of the darts.

WILLIAM BLAKE



CUPID'S LOTTERY



LOTTERY, a Lottery,
In Cupid's Court there uſed to be;
Two roguiſh eyes
The higheſt prize
In Cupid's ſcheming Lottery;
And kiſſes, too,
As good as new,
Which were n't very hard to win,
For he who won
The eyes of fun
Was ſure to have the kiſſes in.
A Lottery, a Lottery, etc.

This Lottery, this Lottery
In Cupid's court went merrily,
And Cupid played
A Jewiſh trade
In this his ſcheming Lottery;
For hearts, we 're told,
In *ſhares* he ſold
To many a fond believing drone,
And cut the hearts
In ſixteen parts
So well, each thought the whole his own,
A Lottery, a Lottery, etc.

THOMAS MOORE.



y love is fair, my love is gay,
As freſh as are the flowers in May;
And of my love the roundelay,
My merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse:
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worſe !

My love can pipe, my love can ſing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praiſes ring
My merry, merry roundelays.
Amen to Cupid's curſe!
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worſe !

GEORGE PEELE.

LOVE'S FLITTING

WHEN Love is coming, coming,
Meet him with ſongs and joy,
Bid him alight and enter,
Flatter and feaſt the boy ;
Crown him with gems and roſes,
Charm him with winning wiles,
Bind him with lovely garlands,
And kiſſes, and ſmiles.

When Love is going, going,
Leaving you all alone,
Craving, the fickle tyrant,
Some newer ſlave and throne,
Hinder him not, but quickly,
Even though your heart may bleed,
Saddle a horſe for his journey,
And bid him God-ſpeed !

ELIZABETH AKERS.

LOVE'S TYRANNY

LOVE's tyranny now wherefore ſhould I praiſe,
Not being enamoured of my altered plight!

I often ſigh who once ſang roundelays;
I know the ſleepleſs gnomes that haunt the night.

I turn with feveriſh jealouſy to hear
Words that were ſpoken when I was not near.

I ſhroud my eyes from ſights I dare not ſee,
Yet who ſo ſpies muſt tell his tale to me.

Madman am I, who give my vote for death,
Yet heed not the grim hand that beckoneth.

Love I entreat to go, and while I pray
Graſp him with nervous fingers, leſt he ſtray.

Ah! than love's bleſſing is no deadlier curſe,
And yet — and yet — to live undamned were worſe.

PERCY HEMINGWAY.

THE TRIUMPH OF CUPID



He came in buſy hours—
My holidays are few—
He brought the ſcent of flowers,
And whiſpered, dear, of you.

I vowed that I would flay him,
And ſcourge him out of ſight;
Nay more, I vowed to flay him,
The miſchief-making ſprite.

I gave him cauſtic chiding,
Let fly a poiſoned dart.
Preſto! the lad was hiding
Safely within my heart!

There all day long he chatters
Of ſome one's charm and grace;
Till nothing really matters
Except to ſee your face.

I would I had not chidden,
Nor tried the ſprite to kill;
For in my heart ſafe hidden,
He works his wayward will.

GERALDINE MEYRICK.

SONG TO CUPID



WARY elf Cupid, O dimpled, coy Cupid,
Are you loſt in the moonbeams, or hid in a roſe?
Who ſaw you, ſo nimble, ſlip out of a thimble,
And hang from the loops of a lily-maid's bows?

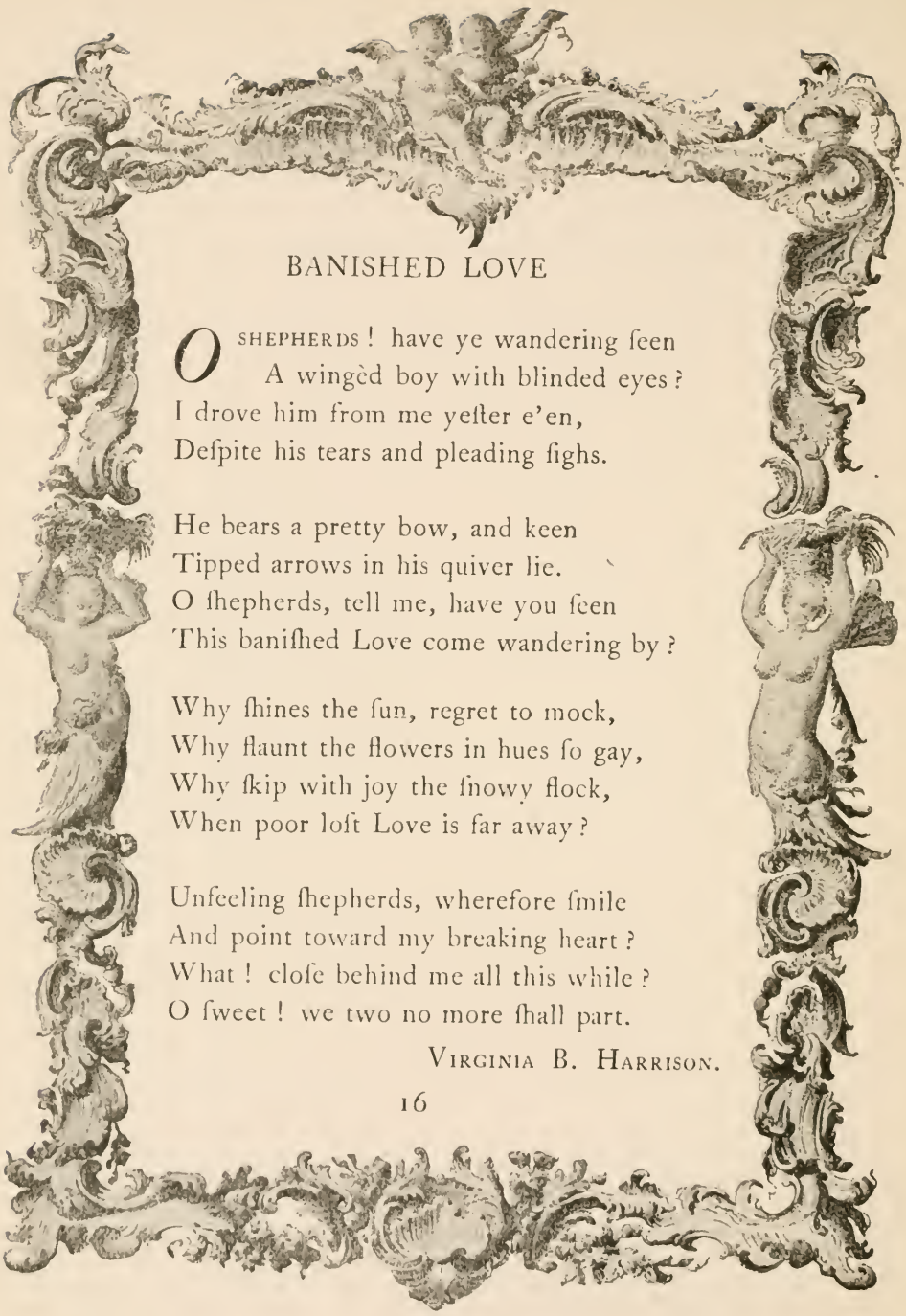
Wee, ſpry little midget, the world's in a fidget
To ſnare and then coddle you, miſchievous ſprite;
Your pranks and mad gambols and primroſe-path rambles
'Mid briers and brambles are all my delight.

In ivy-clad bowers you neſtle for hours,
And lurk in the flowers that ſwing in the breeze;
There counting the kiſſes, the ſweet ſtolen bliſſes,
Of Strephon and Phyllis in languorous eaſe.

We trifle and putter, our hearts in a flutter,
In a tangled ſkein ſpun by the toiletted fair,
The weary hours whiling, and dull care beguiling—
Lo! dimpled and ſmiling, you 're loitering there!

O wary elf Cupid, O cunning, coy Cupid,
Are lovers all ſtupid, dear, rollicking boy?
While maidens are ſighing and love-knots are tying,
The ſnap of your bow-ſtring bodes ſorrow and joy!

HAROLD VAN SANTVOORD.



BANISHED LOVE

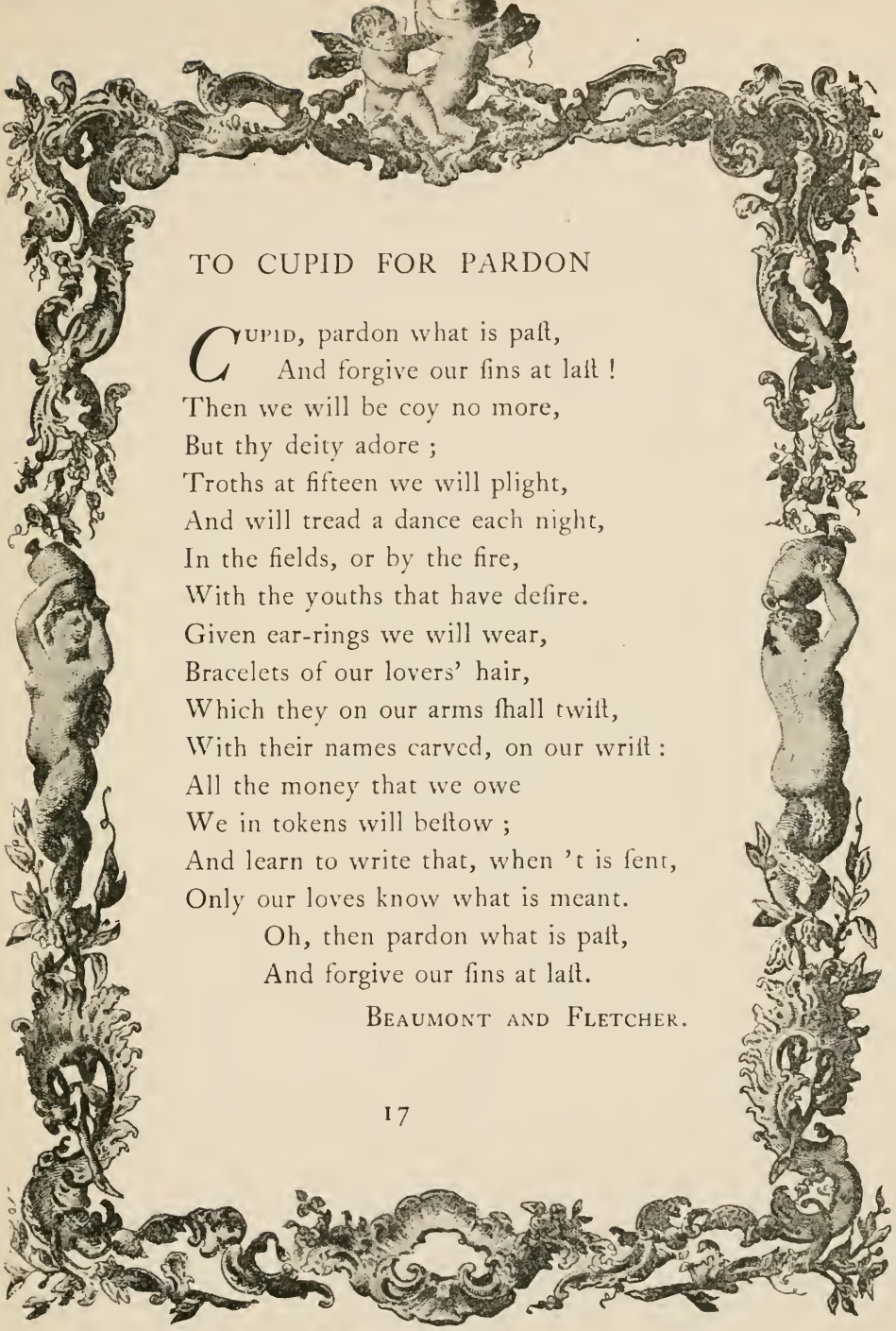
O SHEPHERDS! have ye wandering ſeen
A wingèd boy with blinded eyes?
I drove him from me yeſter e'en,
Deſpite his tears and pleading ſighs.

He bears a pretty bow, and keen
Tipped arrows in his quiver lie.
O ſhepherds, tell me, have you ſeen
This baniſhed Love come wandering by?

Why ſhines the ſun, regret to mock,
Why flaunt the flowers in hues ſo gay,
Why ſkip with joy the ſnowy flock,
When poor loſt Love is far away?

Unfeeling ſhepherds, wherefore ſmile
And point toward my breaking heart?
What! cloſe behind me all this while?
O ſweet! we two no more ſhall part.

VIRGINIA B. HARRISON.



TO CUPID FOR PARDON

CUPID, pardon what is paſt,
And forgive our ſins at laſt!
Then we will be coy no more,
But thy deity adore;
Troths at fifteen we will plight,
And will tread a dance each night,
In the fields, or by the fire,
With the youths that have deſire.
Given ear-rings we will wear,
Bracelets of our lovers' hair,
Which they on our arms ſhall twiſt,
With their names carved, on our wriſt:
All the money that we owe
We in tokens will beſtow;
And learn to write that, when 't is ſent,
Only our loves know what is meant.
Oh, then pardon what is paſt,
And forgive our ſins at laſt.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

LOVE'S HUNTING



Haſt thou ſeen a boy ſo clever,
Bow in hand, and from his ſhoulders
Three tipped arrows in a quiver,
With which, piercing all beholders,
He goes up and down forever?

One dart, in the deep eye clinging,
Blinds us ever to his aiming;
One ſtraight at the white throat flinging,
He denies his wrong's complaining;
One he leaves in the heart ſtinging.

And the laſt dart, tipt with ſcorning,
Quickly kindles a hot paſſion
Which conſumes us with its burning:
Eyeless, tongueless, in ſuch faſhion,
Blind and mute, we wander yearning.

James Herbert Morse

LOVE GOES A-HAWKING



Ho! A ho!
Love's horn doth blow,
And he will out a-hawking go.
His ſhafts are light as beauty's ſighs,
And bright as midnight's brightest eyes,
And round his ſtarry way
The ſwan-wing'd horſes of the ſkies,
With ſummer's muſic in their manes,
Curve their fair necks to zephyr's reins,
And urge their graceful play.

A ho! A ho!
Love's horn doth blow,
And he will out a-hawking go.
The ſparrows flutter round his wrist,
The feathery thieves that Venus kist
And taught their morning song,
The linnets ſeek the airy liſt,
And ſwallows too, small pets of Spring,
Beat back the gale with ſwifter wing,
And dart and wheel along.

A ho! A ho!
Love's horn doth blow,
And he will out a-hawking go.
Now woe to every gnat that ſkips
To filch the fruit of ladies' lips,
His felon blood is ſhed;
And woe to flies, whose airy ſhips
On beauty cast their anchoring bite,
And bandit wasp, that naughty wight,
Whose ſting is ſlaughter-red.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

LOVE'S BLINDNESS



HAVE heard of reaſons manifold
Why Love muſt needs be blind,
But this the beſt of all I hold —
His eyes are in his mind.

What outward form and feature are
He gueſſeth but in part;
But that within is good and fair
He ſeeth with the heart.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

LOVE ASLEEP



FOUND Love ſleeping in a place of ſhade,
And as in ſome ſweet dream the ſweet lips ſmiled;
Yea, ſeemed he as a lovely, ſleeping child.
Soft kiſſes on his full, red lips I laid,
And with red roſes did his treſſes braid;
Then pure, white lilies on his breaſt I piled,
And fettered him with woodbine ſweet and wild,
And fragrant armlets for his arms I made.

But while I, leaning, yearned across his breaſt,
Upright he ſprang, and from ſwift hand, alert,
Sent forth a ſhaft that lodged within my heart.
Ah, had I never played with Love at reſt,
He had not wakened, had not cast his dart,
And I had lived who die now of this hurt.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

DAN CUPID'S TRICK

THE little boy called Love lay dead,
And on his tiny tomb
Some carven letters ſweetly ſaid
That for a day his heart had bled,
And named the maid for whom.

This maid, on coming to the mound,
Felt a remorſeful pain,
And kiſſed his image, claſped it round,
Grew pale, and ſank upon the ground,
And ſhed an April rain.

Then, like a priſon-burſting thief,
Outleapt the bounding boy,
Whoſe ſtay in Hadés had been brief—
For hardly had he died of grief
Than he aroſe for joy.

"What means this caper?" cried the maid,
As in his arms ſhe ſank,
And half delighted, half afraid,
Began moſt ſweetly to upbraid
This moſt audacious prank.

"Fair maid, your ſcorn of me," he ſaid,
"Was all a make-believe,
And put the thought into my head
To play the trick of being dead,
To ſee how you would grieve."

She daſhed with anger from her eyes
Her all-too-tender tears,—
And greatly to the lad's ſurpriſe,
And heedleſs of his woeful cries,
She boxed his little ears.

"Back to your tomb and there abide!
And quit it not!" quoth ſhe
(And added, locking him inſide),
"I never loved you till you *died*
For juſt your love of *me*."

THEODORE TILTON.

I saw young Love make trial of his bow,
In May's green garden where he ſhot his dart,
Nor recked if any nigh beheld his art,
But other eyes did mark him as I know;
For my ſweet lady ſate anear his throw,
And I with her, and joinèd heart to heart,
So that we might not feel the bitter ſmart
Love leaveth there when time doth force to go.

We heard Love's arrows falling in the grass,
Or watched them quiver in the targe below;
Yet few to us came nigh, nor might they pass
Beyond our feet, which trembled when they came,
Whoſe hearts were not the quarry for his aim,
That in Love's chaſe fell ſtricken long ago.

WALTER CRANE.

I did not dream that Love would ſtay,
I deemed him but a paſſing gueſt,
Yet here he lingers many a day.

I ſaid, "Young Love will flee with May,
And leave forlorn the hearth he bleſt";
I did not dream that Love would ſtay.

My envious neighbor mocks me "Nay,
Love lies not long in any neſt";
Yet here he lingers many a day.

And though I did his will alway,
And gave him even of my beſt;
I did not dream that Love would ſtay.

I have no ſkill to bid him ſtay,
Of tripping tongue or cunning jeſt,
Yet here he lingers many a day.

Beneath his ivory feet I lay
Pale plumage of the ringdove's breaſt;
I did not dream that Love would ſtay.

Will Love be flown? I ofttimes ſay,
Home turning for the noonday reſt;
Yet here he lingers many a day.

His gold curls gleam, his lips are gay,
 His eyes through tears ſmile loveliеſt;
I did not dream that love would ſtay.

He ſometimes ſighs when far away
 The low red ſun makes fair the weſt,
Yet here he lingers many a day.

Thrice bleſt of all men am I! yea,
 Although of all unworthieſt;
I did not dream that Love would ſtay,
Yet here he lingers many a day.

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

CUPID



ELFISH rogue, did Pſyche dream,
 When her lamp ſhe held above him,
How the oil would downward ſtream,
 Wake the rogue and make her love him?

MARY CHACE PECKHAM.

FOR CUPID DEAD



HEN Love is dead, what more but funeral rites —
To lay his ſweet corſe lovingly to reſt,
To cover him with roſe and eglantine,
And all fair poſies that he loved the best?

What more, but kiſſes for his cloſe-ſhut eyes —
His cold, ſtill lips that never more will ſpeak —
His hair, too bright for duſt of death to dim —
The fluſh ſcarce faded from his frozen cheek?

What more but tears that will not warm his brow,
Although they burn the eyes from which they ſtart? —
No bitter weeping or more bitter words
Can rouſe to one more throb that pulſeless heart.

So dead he is, who once was so alive!
In ſummer, when the ardent days were long,
He was as warm as June, as gay and glad
As any bird that ſwelled its throat with ſong.

So dead! — yet all things were his miniſters —
All birds and bloſſoms, and the joyous June!
Would they had died, and kept ſweet Love alive;
Since he is gone the world is out of tune.

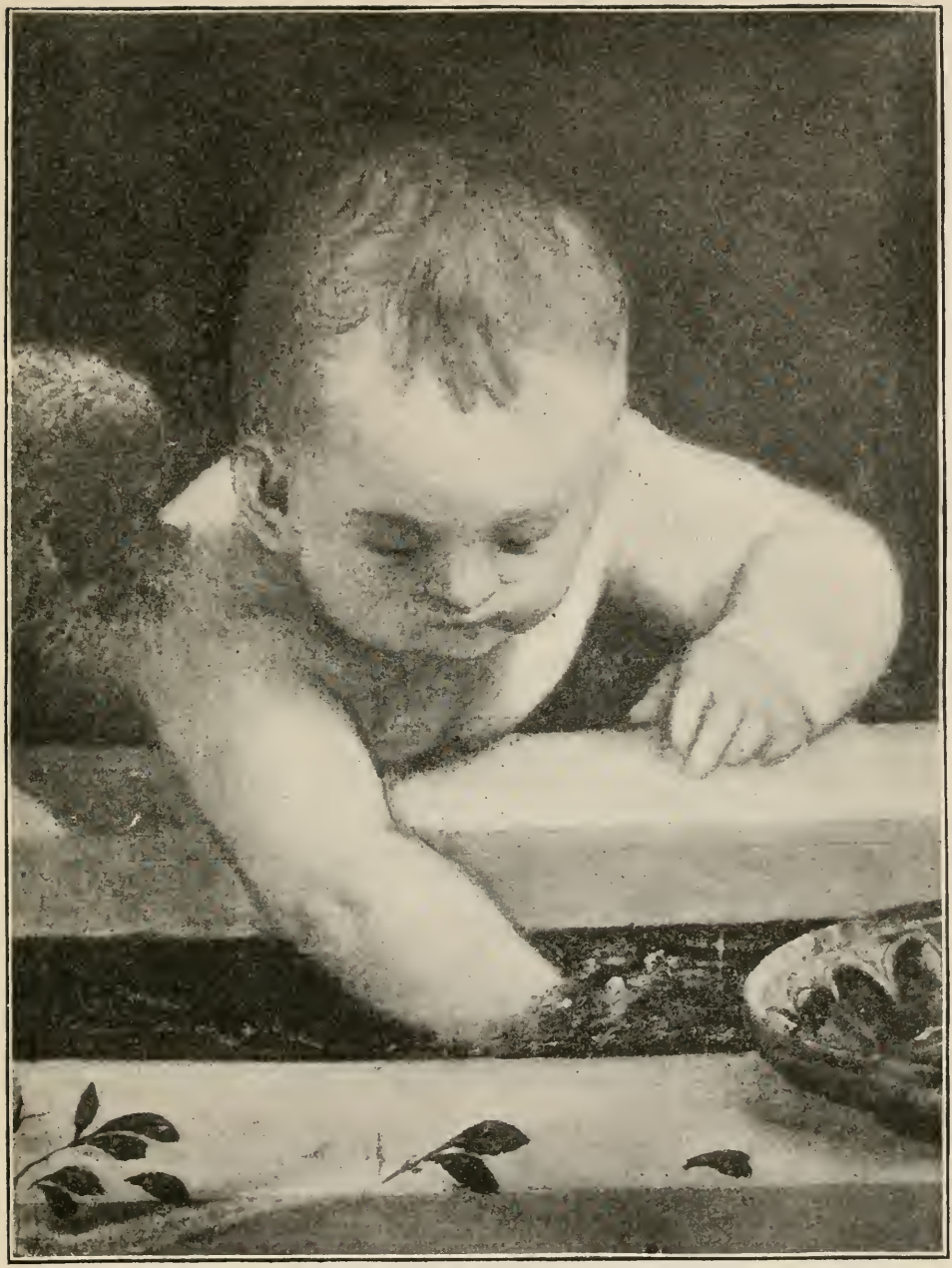
LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

AT THE SIGN OF THE BLIND CUPID

WHEN bluſhing cheeks and downcaſt eyes
Set all the heart aflame,
When love within a dimple lies
And conſtancy 's a name,
Since every laſs is paſſing fair,
Cupid muſt fly and ſee;
And, lightly flitting here and there,
A wingèd boy is he.

When creeping years ſteal on apace
And youth and vigor go,
When time with wrinkles marks the face
And ſtrews the hair with ſnow,
Ah, then no wingèd boy is he;
But ſtrong-limbed and complete,
With blinded eyes that need not ſee,
Since memory guides his feet.

WALTER LEARNED.



CUPID'S ARROW



OUNG Cupid went ſtorming to Vulcan one day,
And beſought him to look at his arrow.
"'T is uſeless!" he cried, "you muſt mend it, I ſay,
'T is n't fit to let fly at a ſparrow.
There 's ſomething that 's wrong in the ſhaft, or the dart,
For it flutters quite falſe to my aim,
'T is an age ſince it fairly went home to a heart,
And the world really jeſts at my name.

"I have ſtraightened, I 've bent, I 've tried all, I declare,
I 've perfumed it with ſweetest of sighs;
'T is feathered with ringlets my mother might wear,
And the barb gleams with light from young eyes;
But it falls without touching — I 'll break it, I vow,
For there 's Hymen beginning to pout,
He 's complaining his torch beam's ſo dull and ſo low,
That Zephyr might puff it right out."

Little Cupid went on with his pitiful tale,
Till Vulcan the weapon reſtored.
"There, take it, young ſir, try it now. If it fail,
I will ask neither fee nor reward!"
The urchin ſhot out, and rare havoc he made,
The wounded and dead were untold,
But no wonder the rogue had ſuch ſlaughtering trade,
For the arrow was laden with gold.

ELIZA COOK.

CUPID PLAGUE THEE FOR THY TREASON

Now I ſee thy looks were feigned,
Quickly loſt, and quickly gained;
Soft thy ſkin, like wool of wethers,
Heart inconſtant, light as feathers,
Tongue untruſty, ſubtle-ſighted,
Wanton will with change delighted.
Siren, pleaſant foe to reaſon,
Cupid plague thee for thy treaſon!

Of thine eye I made my mirror,
From thy beauty came my error,
All thy words I counted witty,
All thy ſighs I deemèd pity,
Thy falſe tears that me aggrieved,
Firſt of all my truſt deceived.
Siren, pleaſant foe to reaſon,
Cupid plague thee for thy treaſon!

Feigned acceptance when I aſked,
Lovely words with cunning maſked,
Holy vows, but heart unholy;
Wretched man, my truſt was folly;
Lily white, and pretty winking,
Solemn vows but ſorry thinking.
Siren, pleaſant foe to reaſon,
Cupid plague thee for thy treaſon!

Now I ſee, O ſeemly cruel,
Others warm them at my fuel,
Wit ſhall guide me in this durance
Since in love is no aſſurance:
Change thy paſture, take thy pleaſure,
Beauty is a fading treaſure.
 Siren, pleaſant foe to reaſon,
 Cupid plague thee for thy treaſon!

Prime youth laſts not, age will follow
And make white thoſe treſſes yellow,
Wrinkled face, for looks delightful,
Shall acquaint the dame deſpiteful.
And when time ſhall date thy glory,
Then too late thou wilt be ſorry.
 Siren, pleaſant foe to reaſon,
 Cupid plague thee for thy treaſon!

THOMAS LODGE.

YOUNG LOVE 'S A GALLANT BOY



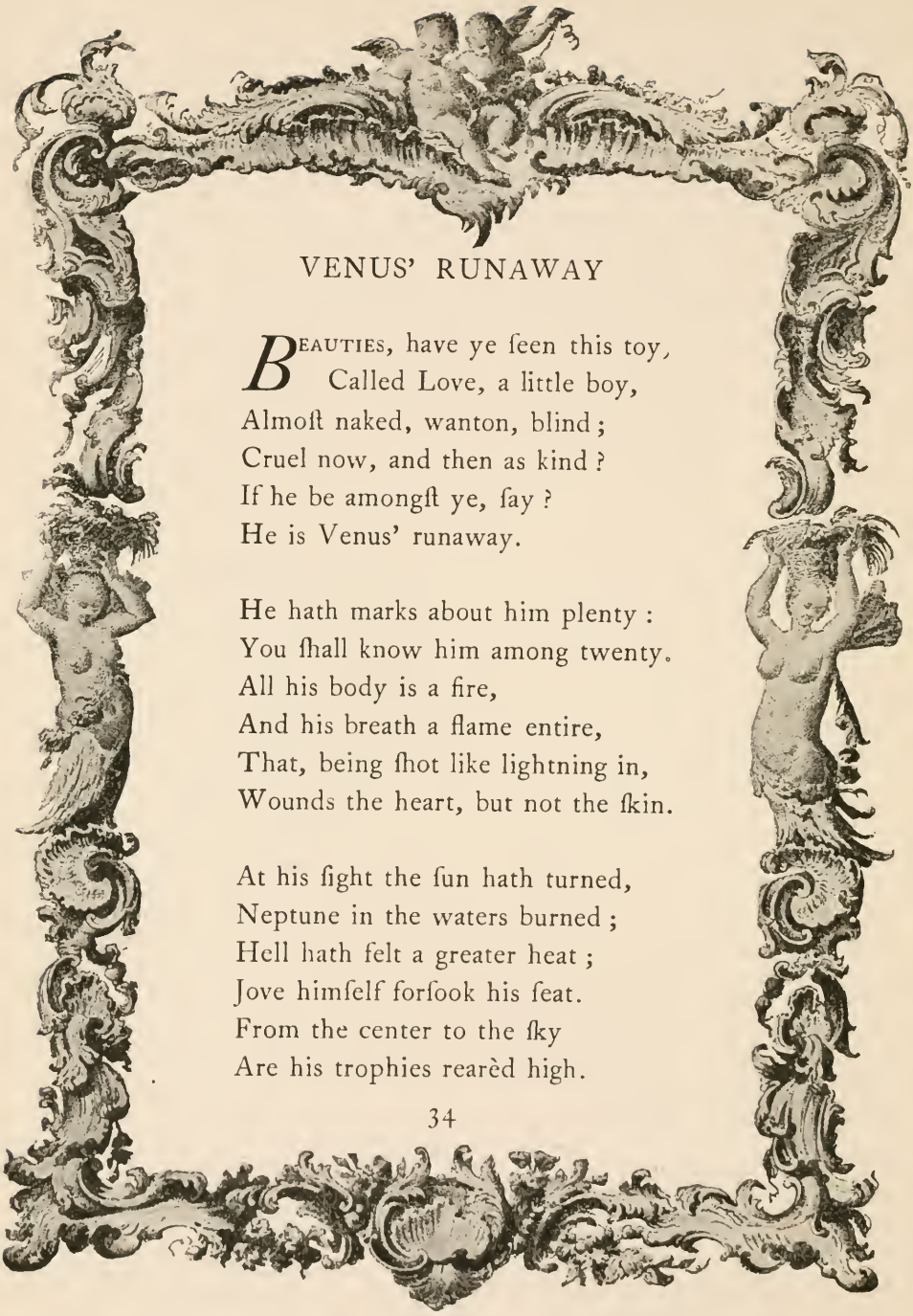
HEN Love came firſt to earth, the Spring
Spread roſe-beds to receive him,
And back he vowed his flight he 'd wing
To Heaven, if ſhe ſhould leave him.

But Spring departing, ſaw his faith
Pledged to the next new-comer—
He revelled in the warmer breath
And richer bowers of Summer.

Then ſportive Autumn claimed by rights
An Archer for her lover,
And even in Winter's dark cold nights
A charm he could diſcover.

Her routs and balls, and fireſide joy,
For this time were his reaſons—
In ſhort, Young Love 's a gallant boy,
That likes all times and ſeaſons.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

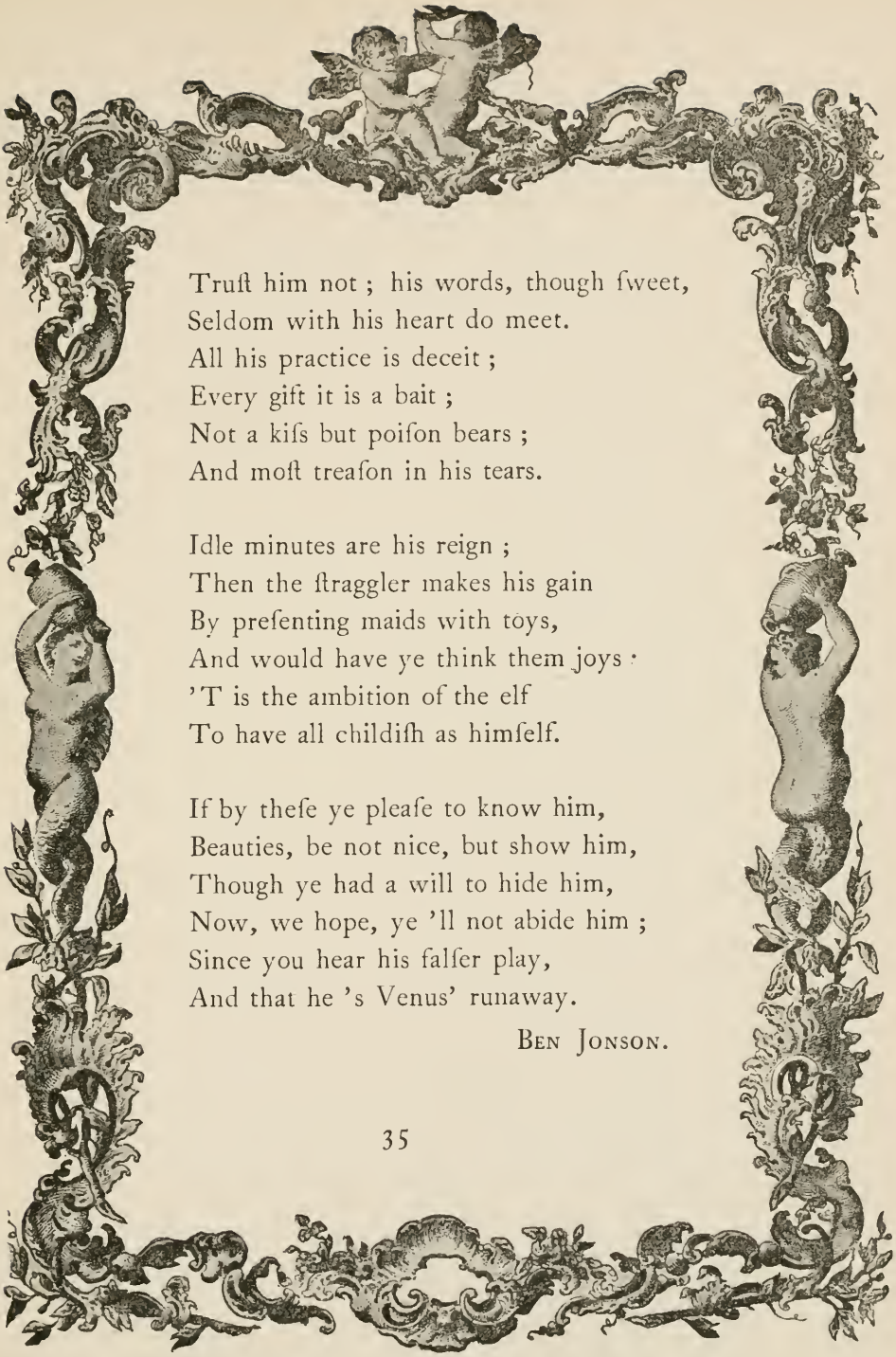


VENUS' RUNAWAY

BEAUTIES, have ye ſeen this toy,
Called Love, a little boy,
Almoſt naked, wanton, blind;
Cruel now, and then as kind?
If he be amongſt ye, ſay?
He is Venus' runaway.

He hath marks about him plenty:
You ſhall know him among twenty.
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That, being ſhot like lightning in,
Wounds the heart, but not the ſkin.

At his ſight the ſun hath turned,
Neptune in the waters burned;
Hell hath felt a greater heat;
Jove himſelf forſook his ſeat.
From the center to the ſky
Are his trophies rearèd high.



Truſt him not ; his words, though ſweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet.
All his practice is deceit ;
Every gift it is a bait ;
Not a kiſs but poiſon bears ;
And moſt treaſon in his tears.

Idle minutes are his reign ;
Then the ſtraggler makes his gain
By preſenting maids with toys,
And would have ye think them joys :
'T is the ambition of the elf
To have all childiſh as himſelf.

If by theſe ye pleaſe to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him,
Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, ye 'll not abide him ;
Since you hear his falſer play,
And that he 's Venus' runaway.

Ben Jonson.

BEWARE THE ROGUE



EEP in the ſhadow of her hazel eyes,
Waiting to capture men, Love lurking lies.
Her glances are the arrows of his bow,
Wherewith he lays unwary victims low;
And ſhe, unuſed to Cupid's artful wiles,
Unconscious aids his purpoſe by her ſmiles,
And knows not, as her ſmiles and glances dart,
What anguiſh theſe may bring to many a heart.

Ah! hapleſs maiden, innocently gay,
No preſage of the future breeds diſmay;
She does not know how ſoon the treacherous gueſt
Will make her heart the haven of unreſt.
Ungrateful Cupid! Soon from her he 'll fly,
And ſeek a refuge in ſome lover's eye,
Then from that point of vantage aim a dart
To pierce and agonize her maiden heart.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

THE FAIR THIEF



EFORE the urchin well could go
She ſtole the whiteness of the snow,
And more that whiteness to adorn
She ſtole the bluſhes of the morn;
Stole all the ſweets that either ſheds
On primroſe buds or violet beds.

Still, to reveal her artful wiles,
She ſtole the Graces' ſilken ſmiles:
She ſtole Aurora's balmy breath,
And pilfered orient pearl for teeth:
The cherry, dipt in morning dew,
Gave moiſture to her lips and hue.

Theſe were her infant ſpoils; a ſtore
To which in time ſhe added more:
At twelve ſhe ſtole from Cyprus' queen
Her air and love-commanding mien;
Stole Juno's dignity, and ſtole
From Pallas ſenſe to charm the ſoul.

Apollo's wit was next her prey;
Her next, the beam that lights the day.
She ſung: amazed the Sirens heard,
And to aſſert their voice appeared:
She played: the Muſes from the hill
Wondered who thus had ſtol'n their ſkill.

Great Jove approved her crimes and art;
And t'other day ſhe ſtole my heart!
If lovers, Cupid, are thy care,
Exert thy vengeance on this Fair;
To trial bring her ſtolen charms,
And let her priſon be my arms.

CHARLES WYNDHAM.

LOVE AND THE WITCHES



T was a little, fearful maid,
Whoſe mother left her all alone;
Her door with iron bolt ſhe ſtayed,
And 'gainſt it rolled a lucky ſtone—
For many a night ſhe 'd waked with fright
when witches by the houſe had flown.

To piping lute in ſtill midnight,
Who comes a-ſinging at the door,—
That ſhoweth ſeams of golden light,—
"Ah, open, darling, I implore"?
She could not help knowing 't was Love,
although they 'd never met before.

She ſwiftly ſhot the iron bar,
And rolled the lucky ſtone away,
And careful ſet the door ajar—
"Now enter in, Sir Love, I pray;
My mother knows it not, but I have watched
for you this many a day."

With fan and roar of gloomy wings
They gave the door a windy ſhove;
They perched on chairs and brooms and things;
Like bats they beat around above—
Poor little maid, ſhe 'd let the witches in with
Love.

MARY E. WILKINS.



UPID, wandering one May-day,
Met with loitering Death by chance;
No aged carl as many say,
But young as he, as fair and gay,
As fond of boyiſh ſport or dance.

"Come, wreſtle," and, ſo saying, Love,
Looſ'ning the quiver at his breaſt,
Hung it upon the bough above.
"Theſe arrows," quoth he, "when they rove,
Make youth a ſlave at my beheſt."

Among the tender-blooming leaves
Death made *his* quiver sure and faſt,
"*My* arrows bring reſt when age grieves,"
And down unwary Love he heaves;
So frolicked they till Diſcord paſſed.

She, wicked, hating merry play,
Scattered their arrows on the green,
And thus confuſed, ſome got aſtray
In either quiver. Since that day
Youth dies and old age dotes, I ween.

ANNA VERNON DORSEY.

CUPID LAID BY HIS BRAND



UPID laid by his brand, and fell aſleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly ſteep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrowed from this holy fire of Love
A dateleſs lively heat, ſtill to endure,
And grew a ſeething bath, which yet men prove
Againſt ſtrange maladies a ſovereign cure.
But at my miſtress' eye Love's brand new-fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breaſt;
I, ſick withal, the help of bath deſired,
And thither hied, a ſad diſtempered gueſt,
But found no cure; the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire—my miſtress' eyes.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A MADRIGAL

BEFORE me careleſs lying,
Young Love his ware comes crying;
Full ſoon the elf untreaſures
His pack of pains and pleaſures,—
With roguiſh eye
He bids me buy
From out his pack of treaſures.

His wallet 's ſtuffed with bliſſes,
With true-love-knots and kiſſes,
With rings and roſy fetters,
And ſugared vows and letters;—
He holds them out
With boyiſh flout,
And bids me try the fetters.

Nay, Child (I cry), I know them ;
There 's little need to ſhow them !
Too well for new believing
I know their paſt deceiving,—
I am too old
(I ſay), and cold,
To-day, for new believing !

But ſtill the wanton preſſes,
With honey-ſweet careſſes,
And ſtill, to my undoing,
He wins me, with his wooing,
To buy his wares
With all their cares,
Their ſorrow and undoing !

AUSTIN DOBSON.

LOVE'S REWARD



For Love I labored all the day,
Through morning chill and midday heat.
For ſurely with the evening gray,
I thought, Love's guerdon ſhall be ſweet.

At eventide, with weary limb,
I brought my labors to the ſpot
Where Love had bid me come to him;
Thither I came, but found him not.

For he with idle folk had gone
To dance the hours of night away;
And I that toiled was left alone,
Too weary now to dance or play.

Francis W. Bourdillon.



N ſearch of things that ſecret are my mated muse began,
What it might be moleſted moſt the head and mind of man ;
The bending brow of prince's face, to wrath that doth attend,
Or want of parents, wife, or child, or loss of faithful friend ;
The roaring of the cannon ſhot, that makes the piece to ſhake,
Or terror, ſuch as mighty Jove from heaven above can make :
All theſe in fine, may not compare, experience ſo doth prove,
Unto the torments, ſharp and ſtrange, of ſuch as be in love.
Love looks aloft, and laughs to ſcorn all ſuch as griefs annoy,
The more extreme their paſſions be, the greater is his joy ,
Thus Love, as victor of the field, triumphs above the reſt,
And joys to ſee his ſubjects lie with living death in breaſt;
But dire Diſdain lets drive a ſhaft, and galls this bragging fool,
He plucks his plumes, unbends his bow, and ſets him new to ſchool;

Whereby this boy that bragged late, as conqueror
over all,
Now yields himſelf unto Diſdain, his vaſſal and his
thrall.

WILLIAM HUNNIS.

CUPID RELIEVED



s once young Cupid went aſtray,
The little god I found;
I took his bow and ſhafts away,
And faſt his pinions bound.

At Chloe's feet my ſpoils I caſt,
My conqueſt proud to ſhew;
She ſaw his godſhip fettered faſt
And ſmiled to ſee him ſo.

But ah! that ſmile ſuch freſh ſupplies
Of arms reſiſtless gave!
I 'm forced again to yield my prize,
And fall again his ſlave.

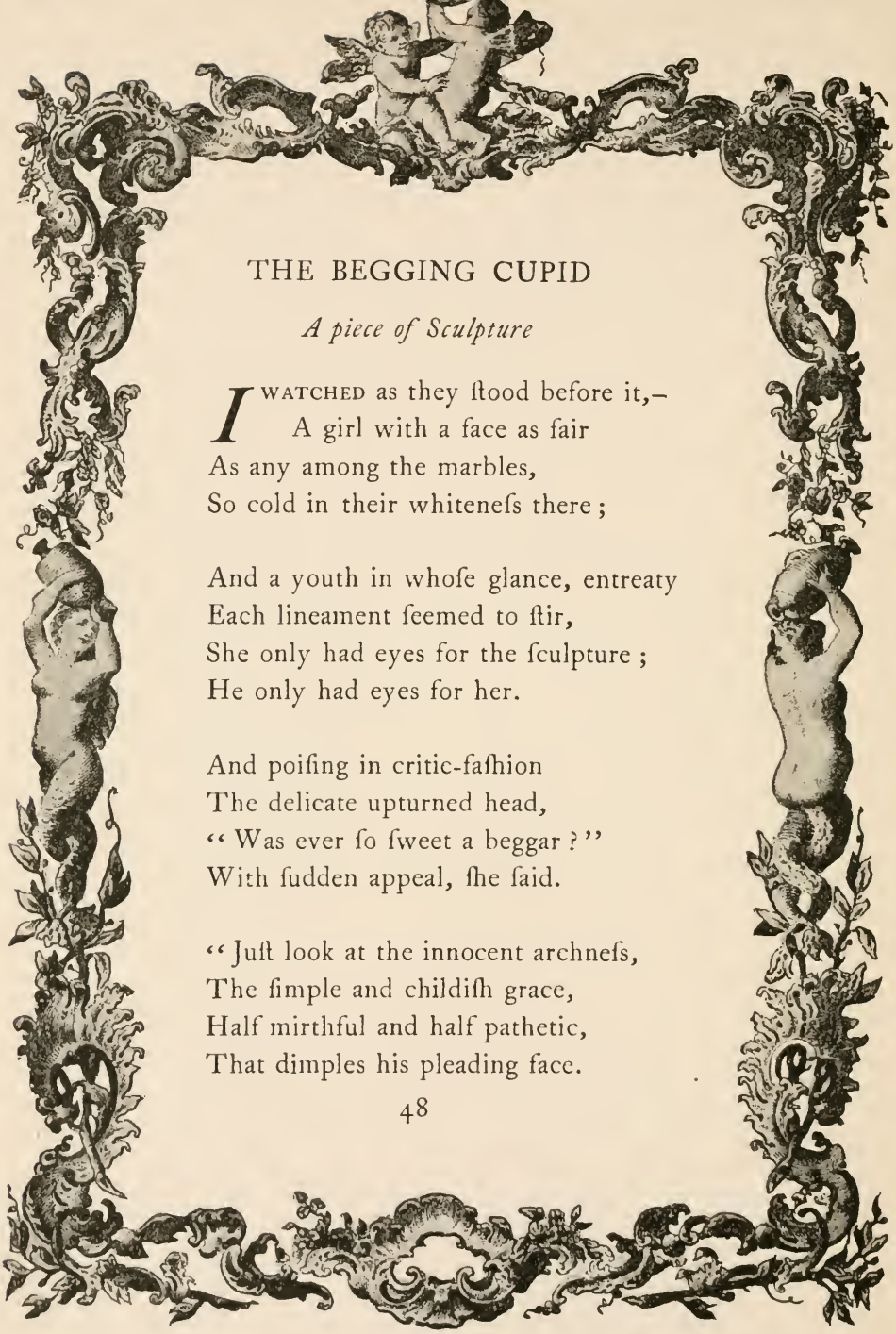
SOAME JENYNS.

LOVE BANISHED HEAVEN



ove baniſhed heaven, in earth was held in ſcorn,
Wand'ring abroad in need and beggary;
And wanting friends, though of a goddess born,
Yet craved the alms of ſuch as paſſèd by:
I, like a man devout and charitable,
Clothed the naked, lodged this wand'ring gueſt,
With ſighs and tears ſtill furniſhing his table,
With what might make the miſerable bleſt;
But this ungrateful, for my good deſert,
Enticed my thoughts againſt me to conſpire,
Who gave conſent to ſteal away my heart,
And ſet my breaſt his lodging on a fire.
Well, well, my friends, when beggars grow thus bold,
No marvel then though charity grow cold.

Michael Drayton.



THE BEGGING CUPID

A piece of Sculpture

I WATCHED as they ſtood before it,–
A girl with a face as fair
As any among the marbles,
So cold in their whiteneſs there;

And a youth in whoſe glance, entreaty
Each lineament ſeemed to ſtir,
She only had eyes for the ſculpture;
He only had eyes for her.

And poiſing in critic-faſhion
The delicate upturned head,
"Was ever ſo ſweet a beggar?"
With ſudden appeal, ſhe ſaid.

"Juſt look at the innocent archneſs,
The ſimple and childiſh grace,
Half mirthful and half pathetic,
That dimples his pleading face.

"Whoever could think that miſchief
Was hidden in ſuch a guiſe?
Or even that roſy ſorrows
Lurk in thoſe lambent eyes?

"*Deny him?* Perhaps! though never
With hardneſs or ſcorn or blame;
For I think I ſhould ſob with pity,
If that were the way he came."

She turned as ſhe ſpoke: the glamour
Of feeling had made her blind
To the trick of the ſtealthy arrow
The Cupid concealed behind:

"Ah, ha!" ſhe cried, while the color
Rubied her neck of ſnow —
"You plauſible, wheedling beggar!
I have nothing to give you, — Go!"

MARGARET J. PRESTON.



Love! if a god thou art,
Then evermore thou muſt
Be merciful and juſt;
If thou be juſt, O wherefore doth thy dart
Wound mine alone, and not my lady's heart?
If merciful, then why
Am I to pain reſerved,
Who have thee truly ſerved,
While ſhe, that by thy power ſits not aſly,
Laughs thee to ſcorn, and lives at liberty?
Then, if a god thou wilt accounted be,
Heal me like her, or elſe wound her like me.

Francis Davison.



ove lies a-ſleeping; maiden, ſoftly ſing,
Leſt he ſhould waken; pluck the falling roſe
A-bruſhing 'gainſt his cheek, her glowing heart
Ope'd to the ſun's hot kiſſes — fooliſh thing,
To liſt the tale oft told! — but ſummer goes,
And all the roſes' petals fall apart.

Love lies a-ſleeping; let the curtains part
So that the breeze may lightly to him ſing
A lullaby — the changeful breeze that goes
A-whiſpering through the graſs, where'er it roſe,
Where'er it liſteth bound, a wilful thing,
Low murmuring ſweets from an inconſtant heart.

Love lies a-ſleeping: preſs the pulſing heart
That beats againſt thy boſom: ſtand apart
And ſtay thine eager breath, leſt anything
Should mar his reſt — the ſongs that lovers ſing,
The tale the butterfly tells to the roſe,
The low wind to the graſs, and onward goes.

Love lies a-ſleeping: ah, how ſwiftly goes
The ſweet deluſion he hath taught thy heart,
Fair maiden, preſſing to thy breaſt the roſe,
Whoſe ſun-kiſſed petals ſadly fall apart,
With thy quick breath! Thy rhyme wouldſt hear him ſing
Which yeſterday ſeemed ſuch a fooliſh thing?

Love lies a-ſleeping: nay, for ſuch a thing
Break not his ſlumber. See how ſweetly goes
That ſmile across his lips, that will not ſing
For very wilfulness. Love hath no heart!
If he should wake, theſe red-ripe lips would part
In laughter low to ſee this raviſhed roſe.

Love lies a-ſleeping: ſo the full-blown roſe
Falls to the earth a dead unpitied thing;
The graſſes 'neath the breeze deep-ſighing part
And ſway; and as thy warm breath comes and goes
In motion with the red tides of thy heart,
The ſong is huſhed which Love was wont to ſing.

Love lies a-ſleeping: thus in dreams he goes;
Strive not to waken him, but tell thy heart.
"Love lies a-ſleeping, and he may not ſing."

Charles W. Coleman, Jun.

CUPID'S ARROWS



HŒBE, wandering in a wood,
Chanced to ſpy Dan Cupid ſleeping;
Long the curious maiden ſtood
Tiptoe, through the branches peeping.
For the youngſter's lips ſhe yearned,
Till, the branches parting ſlyly,
She to ſlake her thirſt that burned
Stooped and kiſſed the rogue's mouth ſhyly.

Now the boy's eyes open wide,
And upon the maid he gazes,
Graſps an arrow at his ſide,
And his ſilver bow upraiſes.
Swift the maiden turns to flee;
Swift the arrow follows after,
Wounding in its flight a tree:
Hark! how rings the maid's clear laughter.

Cupid, with ſleep-dazzled eyes,
Stares a moment through the buſhes
Where the laughing maid ſtill flies,
Then adown the wood he ruſhes.
Now the ſhaft o'ertakes the quarry,
Now it cleaves poor Phœbe's heart —
Maidens, ere you wake Love, tarry
Firſt to filch his every dart.

JAMES B. KENYON.

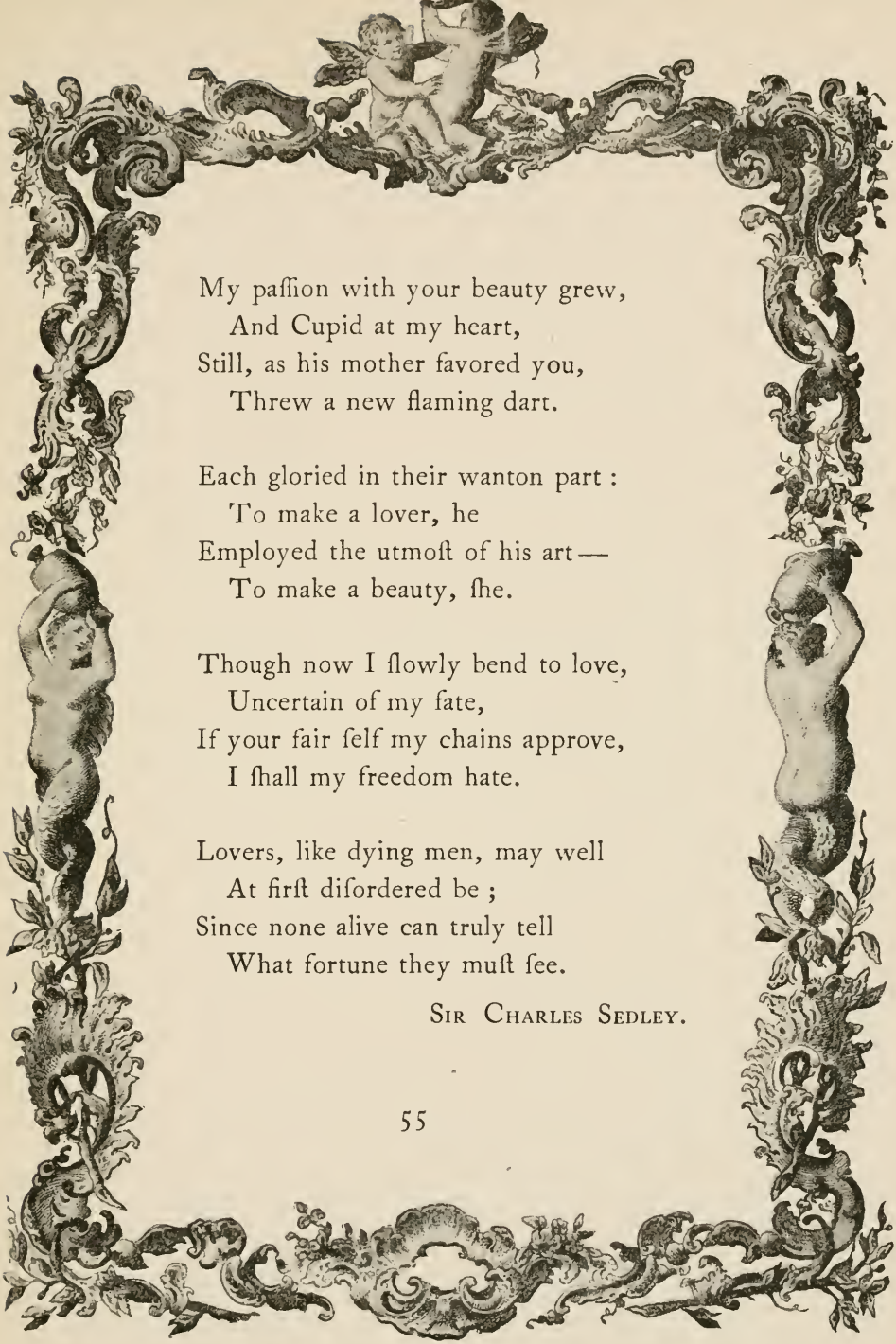
THE GROWTH OF LOVE

Ah, Chloris ! that I now could ſit
As unconcerned, as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleaſure nor no pain.

When I the dawn uſed to admire,
And praiſed the coming day,
I little thought the growing fire
Muſt take my reſt away.

Your charms in harmleſs childhood lay,
Like metals in the mine :
Age from no face took more away,
Than youth concealed in thine.

But as your charms inſenſibly
To their perfection preſſed,
Fond love as unperceived did fly,
And in my boſom reſt.



My paſſion with your beauty grew,
And Cupid at my heart,
Still, as his mother favored you,
Threw a new flaming dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part:
To make a lover, he
Employed the utmoſt of his art—
To make a beauty, ſhe.

Though now I ſlowly bend to love,
Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair ſelf my chains approve,
I ſhall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may well
At firſt diſordered be;
Since none alive can truly tell
What fortune they muſt ſee.

Sir Charles Sedley.



s Love a boy — what means he then to ſtrike?
Or is he blind,— why will he be a guide?
Is he a man,— why doth he hurt his like?
Is he a god,— why doth he men deride?
No one of theſe, but one compact of all:
A wilful boy, a man ſtill dealing blows,
Of purpoſe blind to lead men to their thrall:
A god that rules unruly — God, he knows.

Boy! pity me that am a child again;
Blind, be no more my guide to make me ſtray:
Man! uſe thy might to force away my pain;
God! do me good and lead me to my way;
And if thou beeſt a power to me unknown,
Power of my life! let here thy grace be ſhown.

Byrd's Set Songs.

BALLADE OF THE ROSE



ELL me, red roſe, what you were bid —
You know her ſecret; you ſhe wore
Shy, neſtling in her hair, half hid
By jealous golden curls a ſcore,
As waves half timid kiss the ſhore,
Then tremble were they bold or no;
I kiss you, bluſhing token, for
She loves me — roſe, you tell me ſo.

I ſoftly raiſe your ſcented lid,
Where, ſleeping ſince ſome dawn of yore,
A cryſtal dewdrop lies amid
The downy crimſon of your core.
I am not verſed in Cupid's lore;
But ſo I think her bluſhing glow
Soft guards the love I ſue her for.
She loves me — roſe, you tell me ſo.

And when her hand, in dainty kid,
Gave you to me, as n'er before
It fluttered, tried itſelf to rid
Of fetters that it never wore,
Why trembled ſhe? My eyes would pour
My love in hers — why did ſhe ſo?
Was it becauſe ſhe hates me, or —
She loves me — roſe, you tell me ſo.

Roſe, come you not ambaſſador
From Cupid's court to let me know
Love yields at laſt? Speak, I implore!
She loves me — roſe, you tell me ſo.

H. C. FAULKNER.

AN AWAKENING



OVE had forgotten and gone to ſleep;
Love had forgotten the preſent and paſt.
I was ſo glad when he ceaſed to weep;
"Now he is quiet," I whiſpered, "at laſt."

What sent you here on that night of all nights,
Breaking his slumber, dreamless and deep,
Just as I whiſpered below my breath,
"Love has forgotten and gone to ſleep"?

ANNE REEVE ALDRICH.

LOVE AND A COMPASS

To the north of her mouth, eaſt and weſt of her eyes,
By the curls of her treſſes half hidden,
Two ears, of the tinieſt, daintieſt ſize,
Are kiſſed by the breezes unbidden.

And right to the north of each exquiſite cheek
Lie her eyes, of a brilliancy tender.
Their color I know not, but in them I ſeek
Some ſign of approaching ſurrender.

Due north of the dimple that hides in her chin,
Two lips conceal muſic behind them;
And when a ſmile plays on them, Cupids begin
To break from the bonds that confine them.

Juſt ſouth of her chin ſtands a full-rounded throat,
Whoſe whiteness than marble is whiter;
Southeaſt and southweſt of it, ſhoulders I note —
No curves are more graceful, or lighter.

In the ſouth of her boſom, a bit to the weſt,
Is the greateſt of all of her beauties:
My loadſtar 's the heart that is hid in her breaſt;
To obey it 's my ſweeteſt of duties.

S. D. Smith, Jr.

LOVE IS DEAD

RING out your bells! let mourning ſhows be ſpread!
For Love is dead.
All love is dead, infected
With plague of deep diſdain:
Worth, as naught worth, rejected,
And faith fair ſcorn doth gain.
From ſo ungrateful fancy,
From ſuch a female phrenzy,
From them that uſe men thus,
Good Lord! deliver us.

Weep, neighbours! weep: do you not hear it ſaid
That Love is dead?
His death-bed peacock's folly,
His winding-ſheet is ſhame,
His will falſe ſeeming holy,
His ſole executor blame.
From ſo ungrateful fancy,
From ſuch a female phrenzy,
From them that uſe men thus,
Good Lord! deliver us.

Let dirge be ſung, and trentals rightly read !
For Love is dead.
Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth,
My Mistreſs' marble heart ;
Which epitaph containeth —
" Her eyes were once his dart."
From ſo ungrateful fancy,
From ſuch a female phrenzy,
From them that uſe men thus,
Good Lord ! deliver us.

Alas ! I lie : rage hath this error bred :
Love is not dead.
Love is not dead, but ſleepeth
In her unmatched mind,
Where ſhe his counſel keepeth
Till due deſerts ſhe find.
Therefore from ſo vile fancy,
To call ſuch wit a phrenzy
Who love can temper thus,
Good Lord ! deliver us.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

WILY CUPID



RUST not his wanton tears,
Lest they beguile ye;
Truſt not his childiſh ſigh,
He breatheth ſlily.
Truſt not his touch,
His feeling may defile ye;
Truſt nothing that he doth,
The wag is wily.
If you ſuffer him to prate,
You will rue it over-late.
Beware of him, for he is witty:
Quickly ſtrive the boy to bind,
Fear him not, for he is blind,
If he get looſe, he ſhows no pity.

HENRY CHETTLE.

THE BURIAL OF LOVE

Maiden's hearts are always ſoft;
Would that men's were truer!

SONG.

Two dark-eyed maids, at ſhut of day,
Sat where a river rolled away,
With calm, ſad brows and raven hair,
And one was pale and both were fair.

Bring flowers, they ſang, bring flowers unblown,
Bring foreſt-blooms of name unknown;
Bring budding ſprays from wood and wild,
To ſtrew the bier of Love, the child.

Cloſe ſoftly, fondly, while ye weep,
His eyes, that death may ſeem like ſleep,
And fold his hands in ſign of reſt,
His waxen hands, acroſs his breaſt.

And make his grave where violets hide,
Where ſtar-flowers ſtrew the rivulet's ſide,
And bluebirds in the miſty ſpring
Of cloudleſs ſkies and ſummer ſing.

Place near him, as ye lay him low,
His idle ſhafts, his looſened bow,
The ſilken fillet that around
His waggiſh eyes in ſport he wound.

But we ſhall mourn him long, and miſs
His ready ſmile, his ready kiſs,
The patter of his little feet,
Sweet frowns and ſtammered phraſes ſweet;

And graver looks, ſerene and high,
A light of heaven in that young eye,
All theſe ſhall haunt us till the heart
Shall ache and ache — and tears will ſtart.

The bow, the band ſhall fall to duſt,
The ſhining arrows waſte with ruſt,
And all of Love that earth can claim
Be but a memory and a name.

Not thus his nobler part ſhall dwell
A priſoner in this narrow cell;
But he whom now we hide from men
In the dark ground, ſhall live again:

Shall break theſe clods, a form of light,
With nobler mien and purer ſight,
And in the eternal glory ſtand,
Higheſt and neareſt God's right hand.

William Cullen Bryant.

CUPID SWALLOWED



'OTHER day, as I was twining
Roſes, for a crown to dine in,
What, of all things, midſt the heap,
Should I light on, faſt aſleep,
But the little deſperate elf,
The tiny traitor — Love himſelf!
By the wings I pinch'd him up
Like a bee, and in a cup
Of my wine I plunged and ſank him;
And what d'ye think I did? — I drank him!
Faith! I thought him dead. Not he!
There he lives with tenfold glee;
And now this moment, with his wings
I feel him tickling my heart-ſtrings.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE FILLET

Love has a fillet on his eyes ;
He ſees not with the eyes of men ;
Whom his fine iſſues touch deſpiſe
The cenſures of indifferent men.
There is in love an inward ſight,
That nor in wit nor wiſdom lies ;
He walks in everlaſting light,
Deſpite the fillet on his eyes.

If I love you, and you love me,
'T is for ſubſtantial reaſons, ſweet —
For ſomething other than we ſee,
That ſatiſfies, though incomplete ;
Or, if not ſatiſfies, is yet
Not mutable, where ſo much dies :
Who love, as we, do not regret
There is a fillet on Love's eyes !

Richard Henry Stoddard.



THE ARCHERY MATCH



She fits the arrow to its place,
She bends the bow with ſkill and grace,
The feathered ſhaft lets fly;
A look of triumph lights her face—
The ſcore 's a tie!

Dan Cupid, who 's a bowman true,
Then boldly tries what he can do
To bind the tie fore'er;
Reſult: the world declares the two
A well-matched pair!

Arthur Grissom.



His eyes in eclipſe,
Pale-cold his lips,
The light of his hopes unfed,
Mute his tongue,
His bow unſtrung
With the tears he hath ſhed,
Backward drooping his graceful head,
Love is dead:
His laſt arrow is ſped;
He hath not another dart;
Go — carry him to his dark deathbed;
Bury him in the cold, cold heart —
Love is dead.

Oh, trueſt Love! art thou forlorn,
And unrevenged? thy pleaſant wiles
Forgotten, and thine innocent joy?
Shall hollow-hearted Apathy,
The cruelleſt form of perfect ſcorn
With languor of moſt hateful ſmiles,
Forever write,
In the withered light
Of the tearleſs eye,
An epitaph that all may ſpy?
No! ſooner ſhe herſelf ſhall die.

For her the ſhowers ſhall not fall
Nor the round ſun ſhine that ſhineth to all;
Her light ſhall into darkneſs change;
For her the green graſs shall not ſpring,
Nor the rivers flow, nor the ſweet birds ſing,
Till Love have his full revenge.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

SONG

LADIES, though to your conquering eyes
Love owes his chiefeſt victories,
And borrows thoſe bright arms from you
With which he does the world ſubdue;
Yet you yourſelves are not above
The empire nor the griefs of love.

Then rack not lovers with diſdain,
Leſt love on you revenge their pain;
You are not free becauſe you 're fair,
The boy did not his mother ſpare:
Though beauty be a killing dart,
It is no armour for the heart.

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

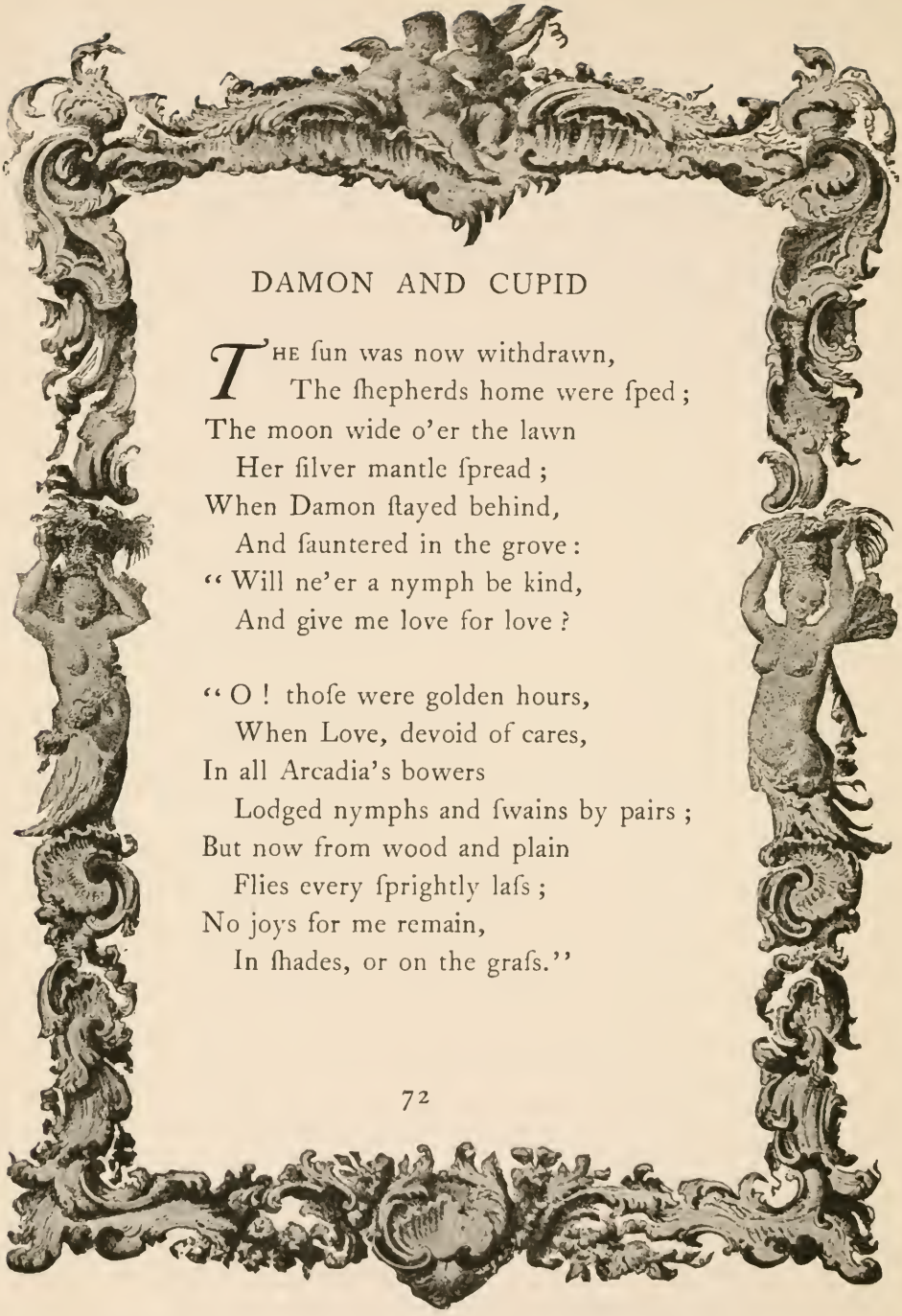
LOVE AND MISCHIEF



ONE sunny day Love choſe to ſtray
Adown a roſy path forbidden,
Where Miſchief deep in ambuſh lay,
And watched his ſnare 'neath flowers hidden:
Love tumbling in, began to ſhout
For Miſchief's aid, leſt he ſhould ſmother:
"You little demon, let me out,
Or I 'll report you to my mother."
Said Miſchief, "I'll not set you free
Unleſs you ſhare your power with me,
And give of every heart you gain,
One-half to joy and half to pain."

Love ſtruggled, but in vain, alas!
He was not born to prove a martyr,
And, ſad to tell! it came to paſs
He gave in to the little Tartar.
Love flew to Venus in a pet,
And cried, when he had told his ſtory:
"O, Queen of Beauty, never let
That little imp wear half my glory."
The goddeſs with a look ſedate,
Replied, "I cannot alter fate,
But you ſhall conquer ſtill, my boy,
I 'll make love's pain more ſweet than joy."

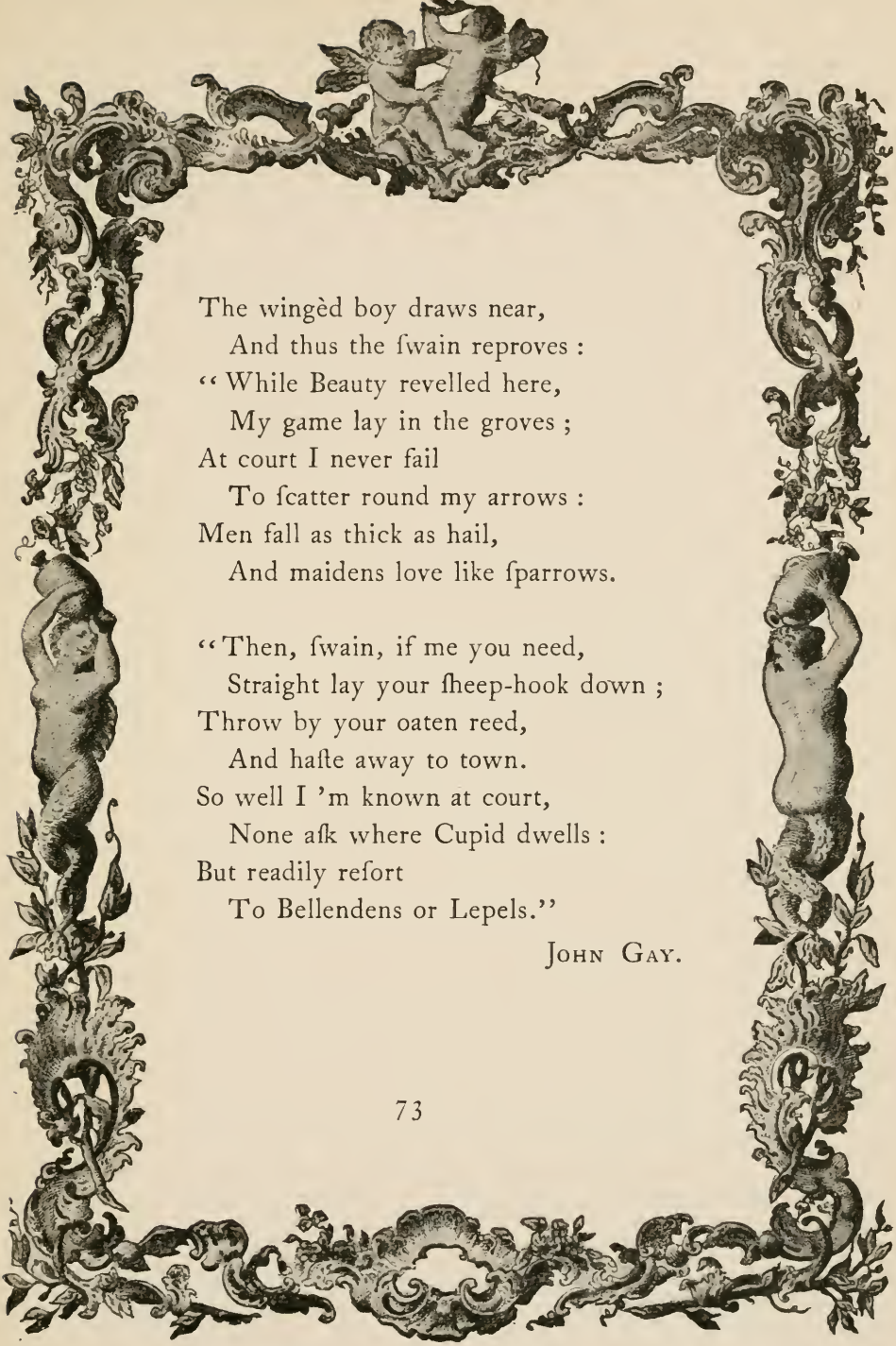
ZAVARR WILMSHURST.



DAMON AND CUPID

THE ſun was now withdrawn,
The ſhepherds home were ſped;
The moon wide o'er the lawn
Her ſilver mantle ſpread;
When Damon ſtayed behind,
And ſauntered in the grove:
"Will ne'er a nymph be kind,
And give me love for love?

"O! thoſe were golden hours,
When Love, devoid of cares,
In all Arcadia's bowers
Lodged nymphs and ſwains by pairs;
But now from wood and plain
Flies every ſprightly laſs;
No joys for me remain,
In ſhades, or on the graſs."



The wingèd boy draws near,
And thus the ſwain reproves :
" While Beauty revelled here,
My game lay in the groves ;
At court I never fail
To ſcatter round my arrows :
Men fall as thick as hail,
And maidens love like ſparrows.

" Then, ſwain, if me you need,
Straight lay your ſheep-hook down ;
Throw by your oaten reed,
And haſte away to town.
So well I 'm known at court,
None aſk where Cupid dwells :
But readily reſort
To Bellendens or Lepels."

JOHN GAY.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE



UPID and my Campaſpe played
At cards for kiſſes; Cupid paid.
He ſtakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves and team of ſparrows;
Loſes them, too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the roſe
Growing on 's cheek, but none knows how;
With theſe the cryſtal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin —
All these did my Campaſpe win.
At laſt he ſet her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did riſe.
O Love! has ſhe done this to thee?
What ſhall, alas, become of me!

JOHN LYLY.



WAY with theſe ſelf-loving lads
Whom Cupid's arrow never glads!
Away poor ſouls that ſigh and weep,
In love of thoſe that lie aſleep!
For Cupid is a meadow god,
And forceth none to kiſs the rod.

Sweet Cupid's ſhafts, like deſtiny,
Do cauſeleſs good or ill decree;
Deſert is borne out of his bow,
Reward upon his wing doth go!
What fools are they that have not known
That Love likes no laws but his own.

My ſongs they be of Cynthia's praiſe,
I wear her rings on holy-days,
In every tree I write her name,
And every day I read the ſame.
Where Honour Cupid's rival is,
There miracles are ſeen of his.

If Cynthia crave her ring of me,
I blot her name out of the tree;
If doubt do darken things held dear,
Then well-fare nothing, once a year;
For many run, but one muſt win,
Fools only hedge the cuckoo in.

The worth that worthineſs ſhould move,
Is Love, that is the bow of Love;
And love as well the foſter can,
As can the mighty noble-man: —
 Sweet ſaint, 't is true, you worthy be,
 Yet, without love, nought worth to me.

FULKE GREVILLE.

A KISS

You aſk me what 's a kiſs?
 'T is Cupid's keeneſt arrow!
A thing to take a "miſs"—
(You aſk me what 's a kiſs?)
The brink of an abyſs!
 A lover's pathway, narrow.
You aſk me what 's a *kiſs?*
 'T is Cupid's *keeneſt* arrow!

CHARLES HENRY LÜDERS.

Now, by the bleſſed Paphian queen,
Who heaves the breaſt of ſweet ſixteen;
By every name I cut on bark
Before my morning star grew dark;
By Hymen's torch, by Cupid's dart,
By all that thrills the beating heart;
The bright black eye, the melting blue —
I cannot chooſe between the two.

I had a viſion in my dreams; —
I saw a row of twenty beams;
From every beam a rope was hung,
In every rope a lover ſwung;
I aſked the hue of every eye
That bade each luckleſs lover die;
Ten ſhadowy lips ſaid heavenly blue,
And ten accuſed the darker hue.

I aſked a matron which ſhe deemed
With faireſt light of beauty beamed;
She anſwered, ſome thought both were fair —
Give her blue eyes and golden hair.
I might have liked her judgment well,
But, as ſhe ſpoke, ſhe rung the bell,
And all her girls, nor ſmall nor few,
Came marching in — their eyes were blue.

I aſked a maiden; back ſhe flung
The locks that round her forehead hung,
And turned her eye, a glorious one,
Bright as a diamond in the ſun,
On me, until beneath its rays
I felt as if my hair would blaze;
She liked all eyes but eyes of green;
She looked at me, what could ſhe mean?

Ah! many lids Love lurks between,
Nor heeds the coloring of his ſcreen;
And when his random arrows fly,
The victim falls, but knows not why.
Gaze not upon his ſhield of jet,
The ſhaft upon the ſtring is ſet;
Look not beneath his azure veil,
Though every limb was caſed in mail.

Well both might make a martyr break
The chain that bound him to the ſtake;
And both with but a ſingle ray
Can melt our very hearts away;
And both, when balanced, hardly ſeem
To ſtir the ſcales, or rock the beam;
But that is deareſt, all the while,
That wears for us the ſweeteſt ſmile.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

LOVE PENITENT



Paint me, Love, not, as of old,
Like a reveler overbold—
Roſes dropping from his hair,
Wings that riſe from either ſhoulder
Like a flame and fan the air—
Love is ſadder grown and older,
Plays no more with bow and arrows,
Scarce has heart to feed his ſparrows.

Paint him like a penitent,
Wan with keeping year-long Lent,
Worn with watching, faint with prayer,
Duſt, not roſes, in his hair.
Give him, for his bow and quiver,
At his belt a pair of beads;
If the cold air make him ſhiver,
Give him ſackcloth for his needs.
Lingering farewells, merry meetings,
Stolen looks and ſaucy greetings,
Dance and ſong and revel gay,
He muſt put them all away.

Bid him with his naked feet
Trample out his torch's flame,
Turn from wine and dainty meat,
All his wandering fancies tame:
Only, leſt we quite forget him—
We that uſed to ſpoil and pet him—
Grant him through his penance ſad
But one gift his childhood had—
Neither torch nor ſhaft nor bow,
But the ſmile we uſed to know.

HENRY JOHNSTONE.


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CUPID'S
COURT

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